Amazing
ADULT
Fantasies
RATED
ADULTS
ONLY
75¢
OR
New Paltz
Comix 2
VEZINA
74

NEW PALTZ COMIX #2 --- (AMAZING ADULT FANTASIES)
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HEY KID... C'MERE!
YEAH, BOZO...
YOU?...

A Co-operative Effort By Michael © Gilbert & Raoul Vezina © 1974

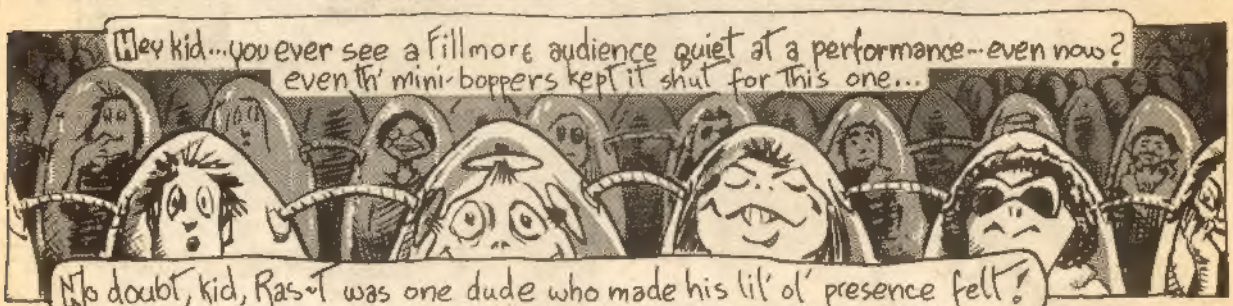
One night in a dive on Zalboron we were blowin' our usual ~ mediocre ~ we he came in ~ six-foot-three with cobalt skin ~ walkin (real slow like) ~ an' totin' th' most earthed-out, zing-bopped mutha of a horn like I never seen ~ holdin' it like a baby ~ like it was th' most precious thing in the universe to 'im ~

His name was Ras-T ~ didn't say a word stared at us for minutes ~ spooky ~ like he was lookin' right into us ~ an' nodded his head ~ he jus' made some important decision ~ We knew he wanted to sit in ~ There was no way we could have said no ~ we jammed on an oldie ~ (Geodesic Blues) ~ an' I started to get wierd vibes from the cat ~ maybe his eyes, I don' know but what was comin' outta his horn was somethin' else, Jim ~ notes I only heard in my dreams ~ an' th' farthest out thing was how th' rest'v'us were playin' better'n we ever did ~ it was more than music, kid, it was an orgasm ~ an' Ras-T was th' catalyst ~

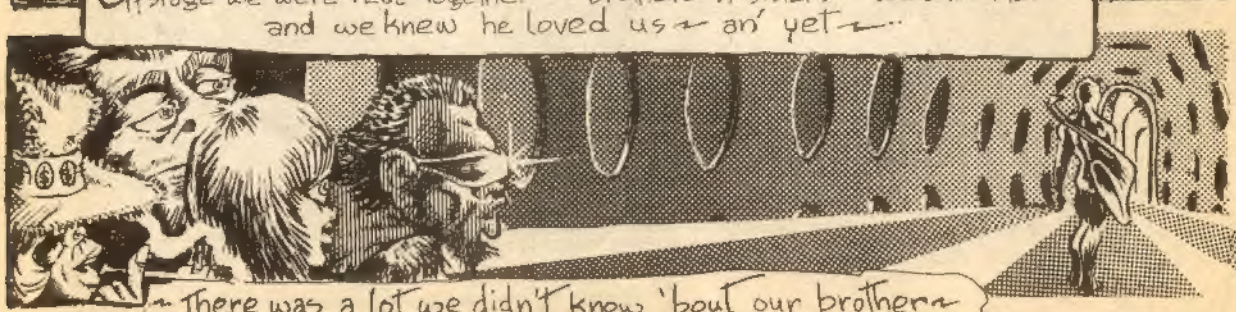
~ Need I say ~ th' music surely made it ~

Max was hip, Jack~ she knew potential
WOWEE!
SIGN THE KID UP~!
As time went on th' gigs got bigger as we got better ~ we were flyin high for a while ~ three #1 holodiscs in a row which led to~
AT'S US...
KINDA SMALL
I CAN READ THIS ONE WITHOUT TH' GLASS~
DA BIG TIME!
FILLMORE GALAXY EAST

The gigs didn't feel like gigs anymore ~ we didn't have ta try so hard
~ With Ras we were one organism ~ Th' music played us ~ we had soul, Jim ~


Hey kid... you ever see a Fillmore audience quiet at a performance -- even now? even th' mini-boppers kept it shut for this one...
No doubt, kid, Ras-T was one dude who made his lil' ol' presence felt!

HEY, RAS... GOOD SHIT HERE
RAS?


Offstage we were real together ~ brothers 'n' sisters ~ we loved Ras ~ and we knew he loved us ~ an' yet ~...
~ There was a lot we didn't know 'bout our brother ~

Planet hoppin' b'tween gigs ~ We played to the stars ~~~ the only sounds for 50.000 Kilo's. Beautiful ~ almost religious ~ OOOOOhh-yes!!

Sometimes th' gigs went great ~

~Sometimes they didn't ~ we'd all feel low ~ sometimes Vyssta would get home - sick ~

Ras could dig it

Good or bad ~ we always had each other ~ friends, man, friends.

Anyway, we booked a three wk. stint on a backwater star ~ BETELEGUISE IV

That nite ~ drek city ~ TH' crowd was too blown to wanna listen ~ lotta feed back, dig?

GIDADDA-HERE

MOOK!

berst

CLUNK!

It was our usual policy to avoid hecklers but that nite Vyssta blew her cool altogether ~ strange'nuff ~

COME ON DOWN HERE, ONE-EYE ~ I WANNA FIND OUT IF YOU LAY BETTER'N YOU PLAY!

PISS ON MY HEAD

WHY'NTCHA COME ON DOWN HERE, MAMA, AN' GIMME A BLOW-JOB!

YUK!

Sob!

Sob!

SO DID RAS!

THAT'S
WHEN
THE
SHIT
WENT
DOWN!
KRAK
KIK!
SMEK!
OSHH
'Twas jes' a nice friendly fight—
BZZT!
until
LOOK IT THAT
BLAZES!!

Th' mob ran like yellow sners when they saw Ras ~ I was kinda tempted t' join'em ~

RAS (sob) !! RAS...

HE'S DEAD!

TH' HEAD CAVITY ~ WHERE TH' BRAIN OUGHTA BE ~ AIN' NOTHIN' THERE 'CEPT ~

HE'S NOT HUMAN PLASTIC + STEEL AN'

OH DEAR XXXAN

LOOKIT HIS HEAD ~

~ A SOUND AMPLIFIER!

CHICO ~ WAZ' IT MEAN?

DAMNED 'F' I KNOW, MAN ~

POOR RAS!

POOR VYS, YA MEAN ~ LET'S GET HER OUTTA HERE

~ C'MON HONEY!

RAS OHHH! RAS!

BYE, RAS

Poor ol' Ras ! KOF ! ~ Guess dat's the end o' his story ~ Vys an' Ji played Together for awhile ! KOFF KOF ! but it wasn't th' same ~ Vys got hooked on mind blanks ~ snuffed it a few years back (WHEEZE) Maxx ? Aw she's doin O.K ~ managin' th' Kinnkz, makin' quite a loaf ~ AND Me ?

Lissen Tight, man ~ I've trucked from one part of th' galaxy To the next ~ I've seen female males, Talkin snails an' things To curl yer Toenails, Dale ~ KOFF But that nite, nex' to Ras's melted husk (wheeeZZZE) I seen somethin ~ standin' in th' blackened room ~ That I only saw once, Jim ~

KORF JUST ONCE HACK

And what was that, y'ask? why man ~ nothin' much ~ just ~...

OOOH MAN HEE HEE ~ a horn with soul!

SLAM!

GOODBYE VYSTRAA

END

NEW PALTZ GAZETTE

Art/Story © 1974 By Brian Buniak

HOT DAMN!! HEY BA-BA LOUIE, THEES GREENGO HAD THREE DOLLARS ON HEEM!

WEE EES REECH, MUCHACHO!!

WEE GO TO THEE BURGER KEENG TONIGHT, BOY... LEEVE EET OP BEEG! HOT STOF!

HOLD IT, JULIO!

JIIIIIIIIIIEEEEE! EET'S THEE SPRITE!!

THAT'S RIGHT, PUNK... AND I WANT SOME INFORMATION...

...NAMELY, WHERE IS THE OCTOPUS?

AND DON'T SAY YOU DON'T KNOW!
UGHH!!

BECAUSE IF YOU DON'T KNOW...
GACK

...THEN YOU KNOW WHO KNOWS!
HOKAY... HOKAY!! I... I TALK!

THAT'S FINE! NOW BE A GOOD LITTLE WET-BACK AND TURN YOURSELF IN, ALRIGHT??
GASP! T...THERE'S A PEEMP TWO BLOCKS FROM HERE! CHOKE!
HEE.. GACK! HEE CAN TELL JOO WHAT JOO WANT TO KNOW!
S'ALRIGHT!

LATER...
AHA!! THERE'S THE PEEMP... OHH..I MEAN, THE PIMP NOW!

ALRIGHT, PUNK! TELL ME WHERE THE OCTOPUS IS HIDING BEFORE I RAM A FIST UP YOUR...

HI, BOSS! AM YO' IN DE MARKET FO' A WOMAN?
CHARCOAL WHITE!

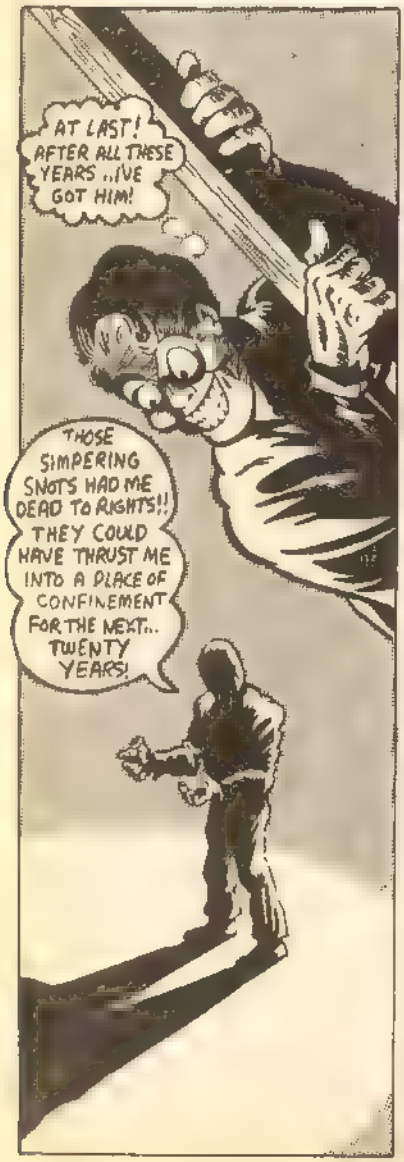
UHHH.. NO. HUH?
LET HIM GO!! YOU BIG BRUTE!
BEAT IT SISTER OR I'LL...
MELLEN DOLAN!

DONT LOOK SO SHOCKED, HONEY... WE HAD TO MAKE A LIVING SOMEHOW FOR THE PAST TWENTY YEARS!
I KNOW BUT.
GADS! IT'S THE COMMISSIONER!
PLEASE DOLAN, GO EASY ON THEM! THEYRE YOUR DAUGHTER AND BEST FRIEND
ONE SIDE SPRITE!
I'VE GOT TO FULFILL MY DUTY AS A '70s POLICE OFFICER!
AND THAT MEANS- BLEAD SUCKERS LIKE OLD CHARCOAL HERE DRY!! CARE TO CONTRIBUTE TO MY RETIREMENT FUND, BOY?
YASSUA, MIST' PIG BOSS!
ALRIGHT, DOLAN...ENOUGH OF THIS LIGHT-HEARTED SHILLY-SHALLY! TELL ME WHERE THE OCTOPUS IS OR I'LL RAM...
TUT-TUT, MY BOY,
YOU FORGET... I KNOW THAT IN REALITY YOU ARE LENNY COLT, AND THAT YOU ARE AT LEAST FOURTY-FIVE YEARS OLD!
YO' MEAN HE AM A COLT-45?
SO IF YOU WANT TO FACE A THIRTY YEAR TAX-EVASION CHARGE... GO AHEAD AND MAKE WAVES!
YOO-HOO SAILOR!
BASH
THUFF
WHAM
BLATT

ABOUT MY ORIGINAL QUESTION, CHARCOAL..
YASSUA, BOSS...YASSUA!! DA OCTOPUS AM AT DA GILBERT BUILDING ON 99TH AN' BROADWAY! SHO' NUFF!

THANK YOU CHARCOAL! NOW BE A GOOD LITTLE MINORITY GROUP MEMBER AND TURN YOURSELF IN, ALRIGHT?
YASSUA, BOSS.

99TH
BROADWAY


AT LAST! AFTER ALL THESE YEARS ..I'VE GOT HIM!
THOSE SIMPERING SNOTS HAD ME DEAD TO RIGHTS!! THEY COULD HAVE THRUST ME INTO A PLACE OF CONFINEMENT FOR THE NEXT.. TWENTY YEARS!

BUT "FOR THE GOOD OF THE COUNTRY" THEY DIDN'T!
HA! THEIR MISGUIDED PATRIOTISM HAS MADE ME A VERY RICH MAN.

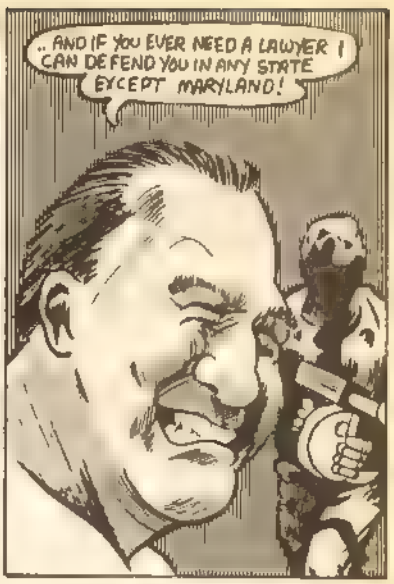
AHA! I'VE GOT YOU AT LAST, OCTOPUS! AND NOW I'M FINALLY GOING TO SEE WHO YOU REALY ARE!!

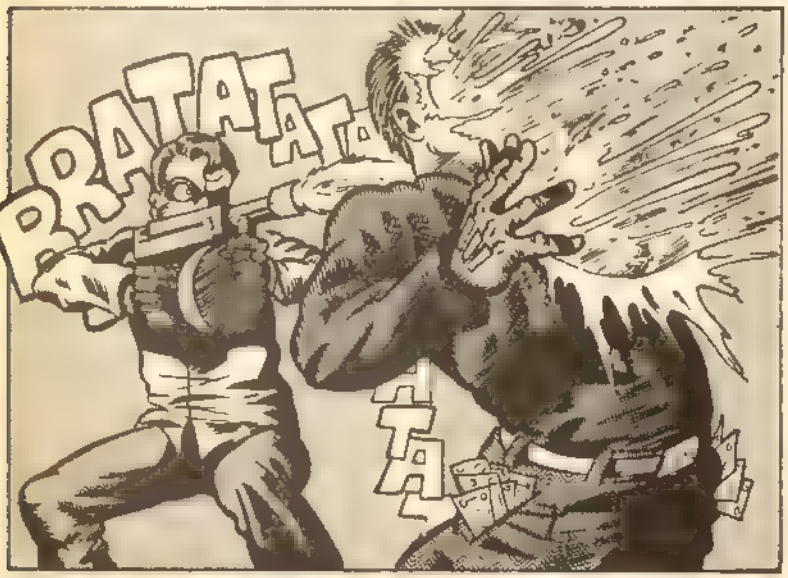
OH NO! IT CANT BE!!!

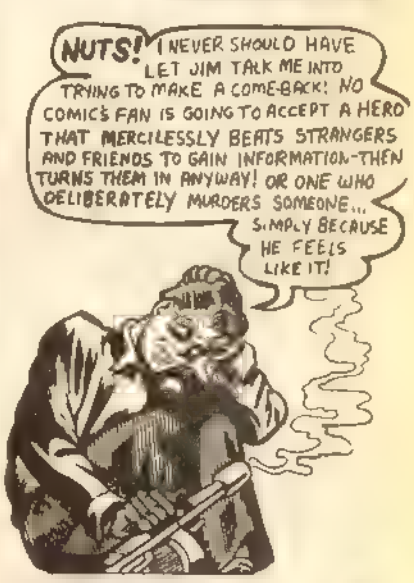
YOU WERE EXPECTING MAYBE, GERALD FORD!?

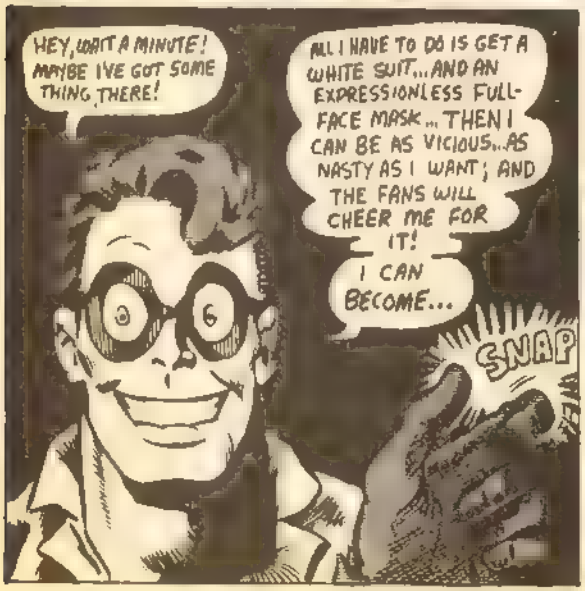
DON'T LOOK SO SHOCKED, SPRITE! I HAD TO MAKE A LIVING FOR THE PAST TWENTY YEARS, SO I SELECTED POLITICS!
OF COURSE I STILL KEPT MY HAND IN THE CRIME BUSINESS!

TELL YOU WHAT PAL.. JUST FOR OLD TIMES SAKE, I'LL GIVE YOU FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS TO FORGET YOU EVER SAW ME HERE!


.. AND IF YOU EVER NEED A LAWYER I CAN DEFEND YOU IN ANY STATE EXCEPT MARYLAND!


RATATATATA


NUTS! I NEVER SHOULD HAVE LET JIM TALK ME INTO TRYING TO MAKE A COME-BACK! NO COMICS FAN IS GOING TO ACCEPT A HERO THAT MERCILESSLY BEATS STRANGERS AND FRIENDS TO GAIN INFORMATION-THEN TURNS THEM IN ANYWAY! OR ONE WHO DELIBERATELY MURDERS SOMEONE... SIMPLY BECAUSE HE FEELS LIKE IT!

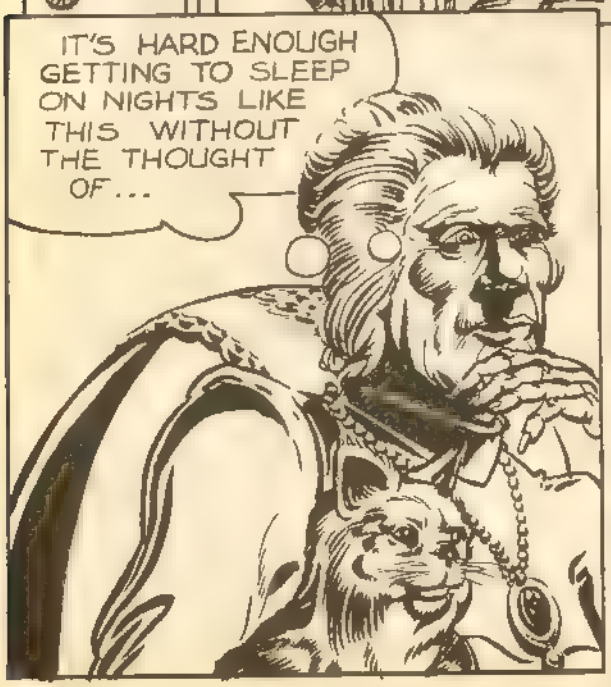

HEY, WAIT A MINUTE! MAYBE I'VE GOT SOME THING THERE!
ALL I HAVE TO DO IS GET A WHITE SUIT... AND AN EXPRESSIONLESS FULL-FACE MASK... THEN I CAN BE AS VICIOUS... AS NASTY AS I WANT; AND THE FANS WILL CHEER ME FOR IT!
I CAN BECOME...
SNAP

MR. A
RIGHT TO KILL
RIGHT TO LIVE
RIGHT TO LEFT
RIGHT TO THE JAW
EXIT-STAGE RIGHT
SHOP-RITE MARKETS
END

SEE NO EVIL...

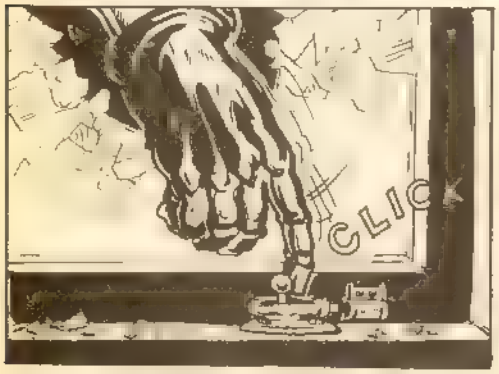
MISTER LAMONT SNIDER A PROMINENT JEWELER IN TOWN WAS FOUND DEAD LATE THIS AFTER-NOON AT HIS DOWNTOWN BUSINESS OFFICE. SNIDER'S DEATH WAS ATTRIBUTED TO MULTIPLE STAB WOUNDS. THE ASSAILANT IS STILL BEING SOUGHT.

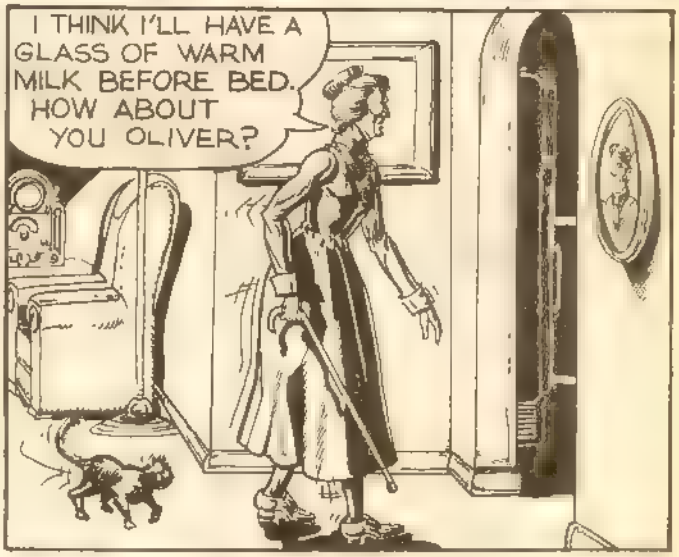
OH! HOW AWFUL! WHO COULD DO SUCH A FRIGHT FUL THING ? I HOPE THEY APPREHEND THE SCOUNDREL!



Art/Story: ©1974 Ned Young

CRASH


CLICK


I THINK I'LL HAVE A GLASS OF WARM MILK BEFORE BED. HOW ABOUT YOU OLIVER?

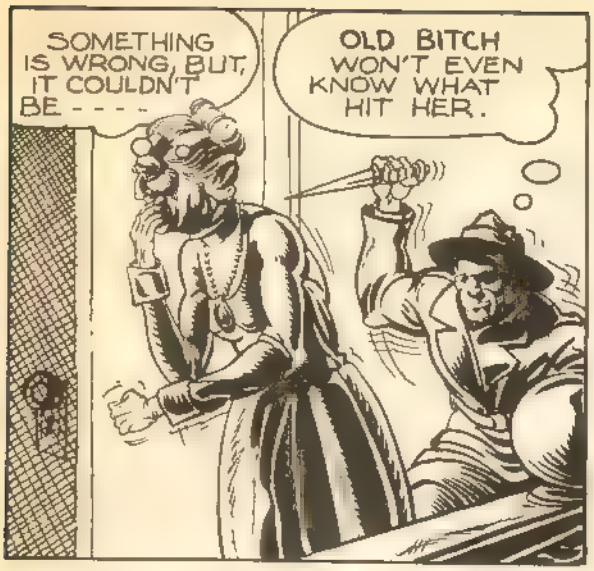
YOU WAIT RIGHT HERE OLIVER, AND I'LL FETCH A PAN FOR OUR MILK.

MY GOODNESS! I KEEP FORGETTING HOW DARK IT IS IN HERE!

THE OLD WOMAN MUST HAVE HEARD THE WINDOW BREAK... CAN'T AFFORD THE OLD BAT'S GOSSIPY MOUTH!

THAT PAN MUST BE HERE! I USED IT JUST THE OTHER DAY!

EH....? SOMETHING'S WRONG!
GREEEEEEEEK

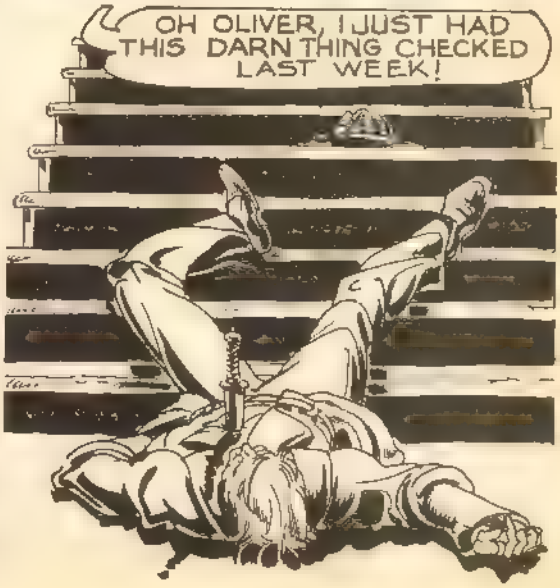

SOMETHING IS WRONG, BUT, IT COULDN'T BE - - - -
OLD BITCH WON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT HIT HER.

HA HA HA HA

OH NO! I KNEW SOMETHING WAS STRANGE - - - - BUT I DIDN'T THINK IT WOULD BE THAT! NO! NOT THAT...

NOT THAT!
CRUNCH

EEEEYAAAAAA


OH OLIVER, I JUST HAD THIS DARN THING CHECKED LAST WEEK!

WANTED!!!
FOR ISSUE NO.3

ARTISTS:

IF YOUR QUALITY MATCHES THAT IN THIS BOOK, WE'D LIKE TO SEE YOUR WORK. (SEND XEROXES AND A SELF ADDRESSED STAMPED ENVELOPE, PLEASE)

MONEY:

YOU CAN OWN PART OF N.P.C. #3... FOR LESS THAN YOU'D THINK! WRITE FOR DETAILS.

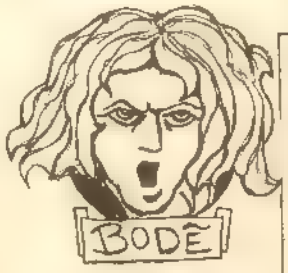
CRITICISM:

TELL US WHAT YOU LIKE AND DISLIKE ABOUT THIS ISSUE. WE WILL ANSWER ALL LETTERS PERSONALLY. WE'RE DOING THIS BOOK FOR US... AND YOU! SHOW US YOU CARE.

SEND LETTERS TO:

Michael Gilbert 245 West 99th Street
Compartment 2 Manhattan, N.Y. 10025

UNDER GROUND COMIX



ZAP'S, SKULL'S, SLOWDEATH, FREAK BRO'S, MR. NATURAL, CHEECH WIZARD, ARTISTS... CRUMB CORBEN, BODE, S. CLAY WILSON, JAXON, IRONS, TODD, RAND HOLMES, DAVE SHERIDAN

SEND 25¢ AND STAMPED SELF ADDRESSED ENVELOPE FOR COMPLETE LIST TO...
M and M
P.O. BOX 394
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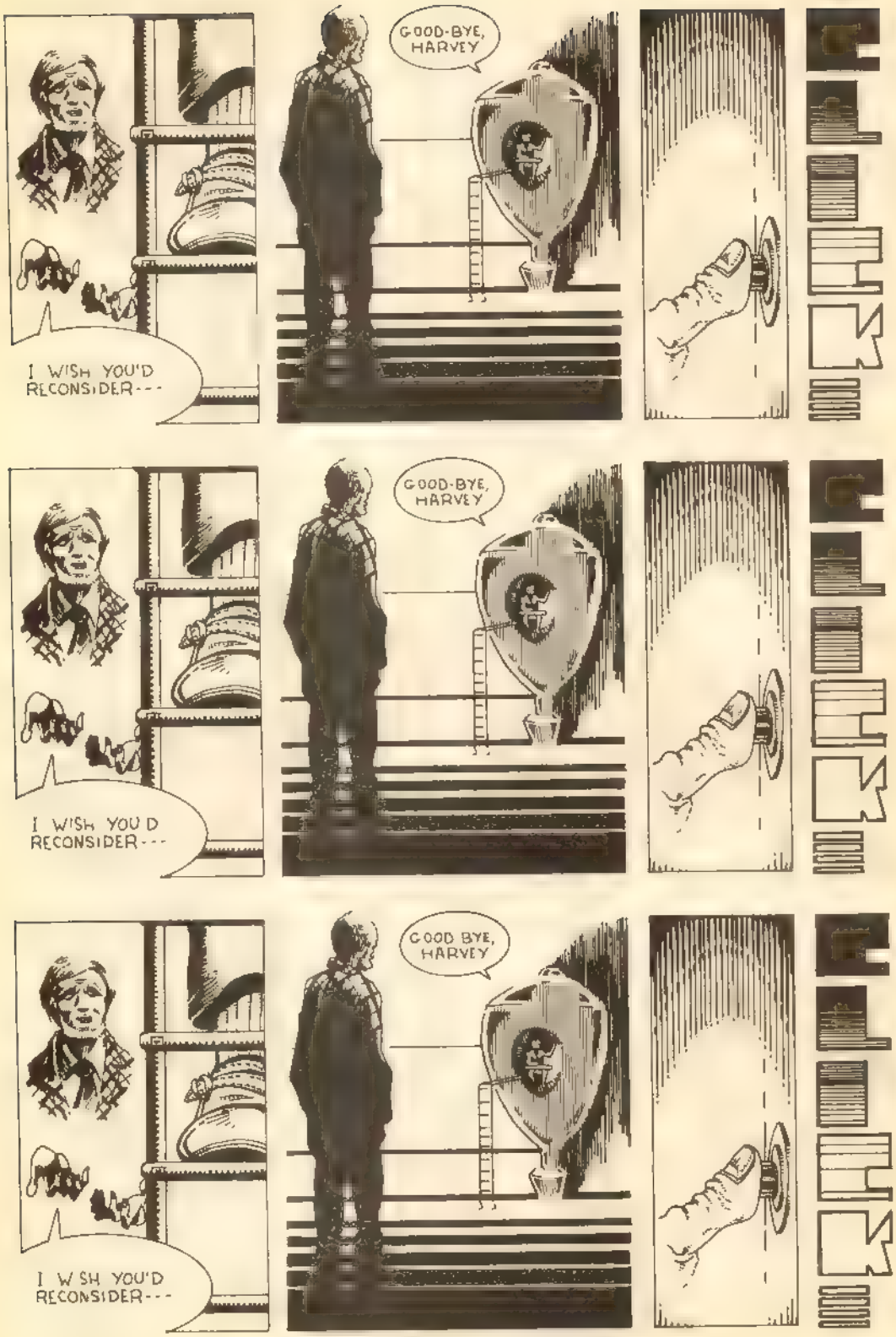
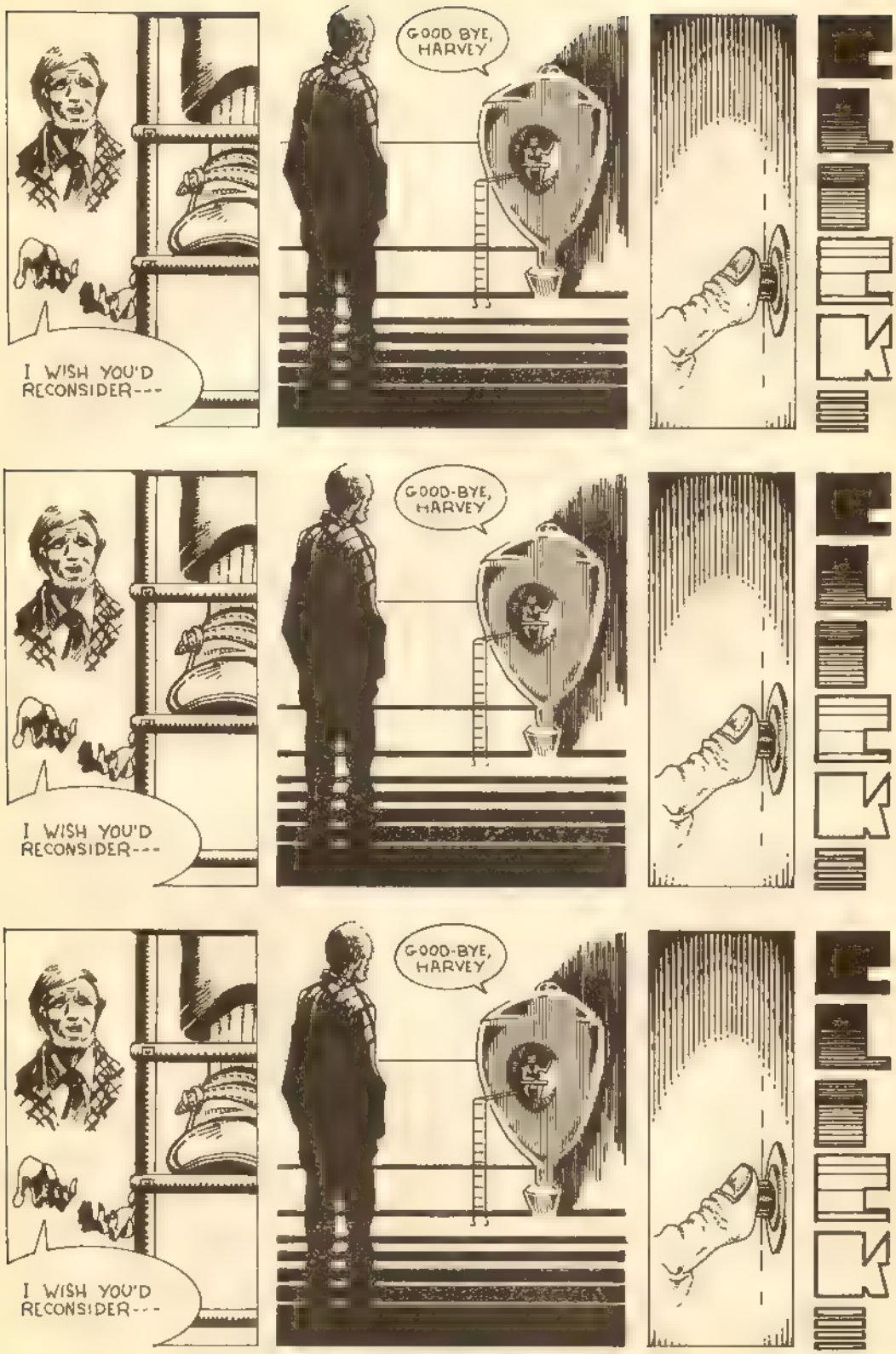
REPLAY REPLAY REPLAY REPLAY REPLA

ael T. Gilbert---------Art/Story: Michael T. Gilbert---------Art/Story: Michael T. Gi


I WISH YOU'D RECONSIDER---
GOOD-BYE, HARVEY
I WISH YOU'D RECONSIDER---
GOOD-BYE, HARVEY
I WISH YOU'D RECONSIDER---
GOOD BYE, HARVEY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GOOD-BYE, HARVEY
I WISH YOU'D RECONSIDER---
GOOD-BYE, HARVEY

CANDY and SUGAR®

©1974

by Brian J. Bunak

EDITORIAL

This is my fourth attempt at a simple editorial page (Roy Thomas, where are you when I need you?). First a little background on the book. New Paltz Comix #1 was published in July 1973 by myself quite unintentionally, actually. It's a very interesting story--one I'll relate when space permits (1987?). While #1 was virtually a one man show (with help from three other artist/writers), it was felt that future issues should be cooperative ventures. Our second issue was planned as 32 pages, but due to the large amount of high quality work available, grew to an unexpected 50 pages, with two color separated covers. This issue's format was modelled after Zap's 69 issue, giving us, in effect, two separate books. We may keep using that format in the future Or we may not. Our subtitle, Amazing Adult Fantasies, was done in a fit of Marvel nostalgia. The New Paltz Comix title will give us a sense of issue to issue continuity, while allowing us varied sub-titles. The book is owned and financed collectively by the artist/writers. Our goals in this and following issues are as follows:

1. To present a showcase for the finest unknown artists and writers that we can uncover. Our concern is with skill and creativity--not with big names or overblown reputations. As can be seen in this issue, we have strict standards--we will not print a pro's hack work simply because he is a pro--or reject a talented unknown simple because we've never heard of him. There's a huge amount of untapped talent, ignored by straight and underground comic companies, that we will continue to actively search out.

2. We will encourage experimentation in the graphic media and, within physical limitations, give our artist/writers virtually unlimited freedom There are a number of experiments in this issue. Linda Kent's "Rorschach Review" and "Thoughts" are not the type of things you'll find in your ordinary comic/comix. "Rubber Soul" by Raoul Vezina and myself was an attempt at merging similar artistic styles. On different panels Raoul would ink my pencils, or visa-versa, and at times we'd each ink our own pencils. The basic plot was conceived by myself, based on a painting of Ras-t (drawn by Raoul as an advertisement for his band). For comparison of styles I pencilled and inked Rubber Soul's splash page, and R.V. did the first panel of page 2, all by his lonesome Further experimentation was employed by Ironmountain in his pornographic, "Masks " A fine arts painter and pornography aficionado, this was his first attempt at a graphic story (since this story he has become very enthusiastic about the possibilities of the comic format, and is planning a much more elaborate, more finely rendered story for next issue). By the way, his cover drawing was rendered entirely in pencil and took over six months to complete.

3. We will try our best not to fall into ruts. We'll try new formats and ideas, and do our best to continue growing artistically and creatively. We don't expect to make a fortune with this book--we're not even sure we'll break even (although we'll certainly try) And since the profit motive isn't of prime concern, our main purpose for working as hard as we have on this book is artistic satisfaction . and because it's fun. Oh...and while we're at it, we don't intend to overextend ourselves, at the expense of quality.

That's basically it. Write and let us know what you thought of this issue--good and bad. We may discuss some of the letters in next issue's editorial page. In any event all letters will be answered personally. A special vote of thanks to Steve Burstock, Larry Brill, Dale B., and to Mike Aranoff, Pat, Howie, Fred, Jack, Roberto and the boys at Vizmo, for their help and support. And while I'm at it.. thank you--for buying this magazine!

Michael T. Gilbert 7-17-74

Editor

P.S. Fanzine Editors. Send us a sample copy of your magazine. We will then forward your names and addresses to any submitting artists that we are unable to use in NPC #3.

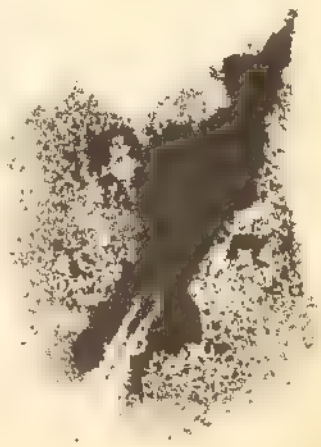
RORSCHACH REVIEW ©1974

by Linda Kent

Butterfly giving eulogy at funeral

Ape with Ketchup bottle shoved in his mouth.

Gigantic Coca-Cola bottle rising out of mushroom cloud.



Depraved frog with a chicken's head flying at top speed into outer space.

A city in a sort of valley with the church situated on a "natural bridge" (symbolically showing their faith in God.) Next week the bridge breaks but the church remains suspended in mid-air, unreachable.

2 Homosexual halfbacks for Notredame talking about their feet in relation to their balls; or possibly football, out of context entirely.

2 or 6 Homicidal friars carrying a coffin, and if they turn around you'll see there's gleeful gleem in their eyes.

2 Hippies talking on Main Street.

MOSQUE

NEW PALTZ COMIC NO. 2
MOODS PUB. EMPIRE
Amazing
ADULT
Fantasies
rated-over 18

NEW PALTZ COMIX No.2

Amazing ADULT Fantasies

CONTENTS:

Rubber Soul

Masks

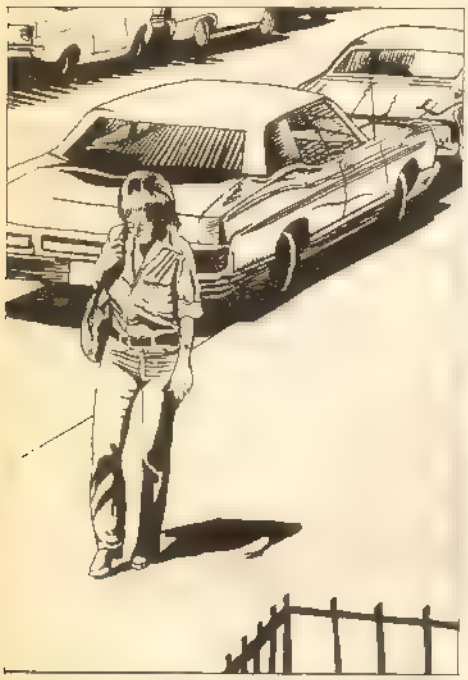
The Sprite

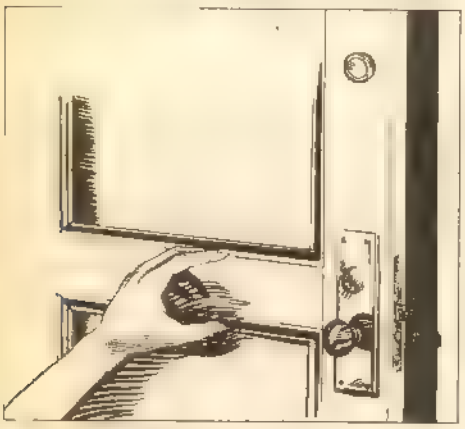
Replay

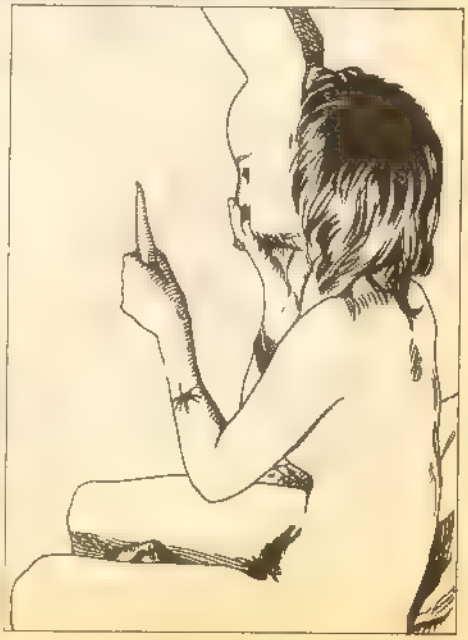
See No Evil...

And More...!!

SGT MARK E. RAINEY
H&S CO. 1ST FSSG
CAMP PENDLETON, CA 92055

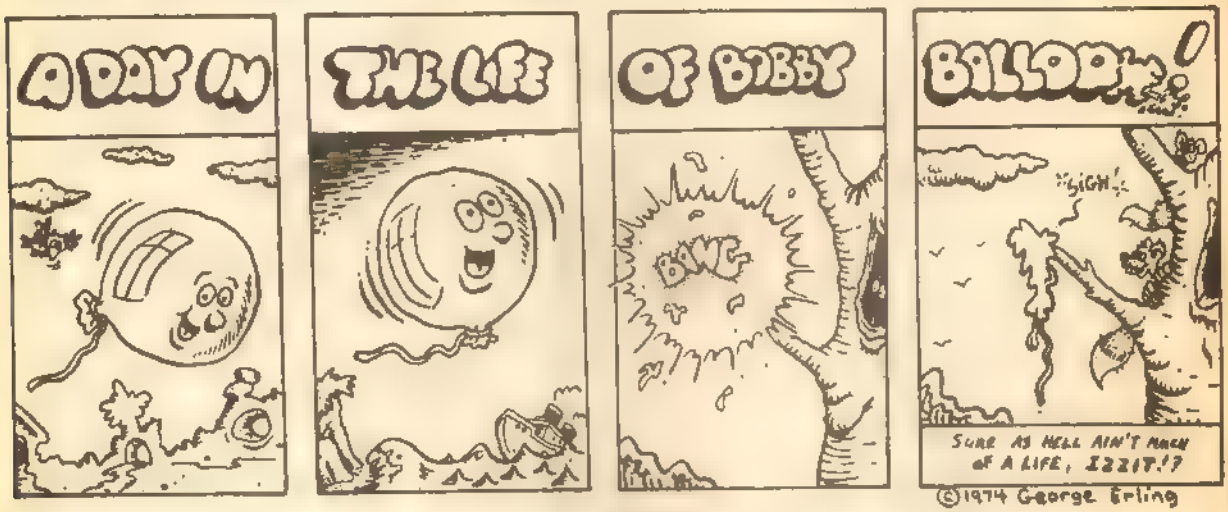






©1974 bruce metcalf

AND STILL MORE KLEENKUT KOMICS
MYSTER MASTER YOU DOING?
ALL THIS TIME I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR THE TIME TO BE RIPE...
PERHAPS ON THE NEXT FULL MOON, I'LL STEAL OUT OF MY LAIR TO ACCOMPLISH MY WARPED PLANS!
NYAK AH AH
AS YOU LAY SLEEPING, I'LL ACTIVATE THE MACHINES THAT WILL SEND SPECIAL CODED RAYS TO YOUR MIND
AND ALL YOU PEOPLE WHO TREASURE YOUR RATIONALITY AND GOOD OL' AMERICAN CLEARHEADEDNESS ARE GONNA WAKE UP COMPLETELY BAZOOIE!! AHA! I GOT YOU!
HUH?
SNAP
AND BECAUSE MY COMICS HAVE PLANTED ALL THESE BIZARRE SUGGESTIONS IN YOUR HEAD, YOU'LL START SEEING THINGS
GROWL
EEK!
AND THEY'LL ALL WANT TO EAT YOU!!
THIS IS A FIGMENT OF MY IMAGINATION please?
CAN I HAVE THE LEFTOVERS?
YAY! DEATH!
YOU ARE WARNED ENJOY YOUR SANITY WHILE IT LASTS, MY FRIENDS, CRITKS & FELLOW ASSHOLES, BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE! ****
-BBM-


A DAY IN THE LIFE OF BIBBY BILLOON!
BANG
SIGH!
SURE AS HELL AIN'T MUCH OF A LIFE, IZZIT!?
©1974 George Erling

This is Siggy.
You drew me funny, you creep
Siggy is a Thalidomide victim who lives in my box
You goddamn pervert
Siggy has a heart condition and is going to die in the next box.
You aren't giving me anything for free... you think you can pay GOD?!
Another Thalidomide victim and Artistic Fantasy is dead.
my... heart.
Richard Fk 1973

THE MIRACLE

by LINDA KENT ©1974

5.
HA HA HA
HA SURE WALK AWFUL
DUMB KID!
WHATSA MATTER
GOTTA BROOM UP PER ASS???
6.
A Fuck'n Turtle could do better
Sheesh!
7.
Dammit
I wated
an hour to see some
spazz take STEPS
5 LOUSY STEPS
Never again!
FOOEY!
8.
I wonder who taught
that asshole to walk...?
maybe it's a family trait
9.
Jesus Christ
K!

©1974

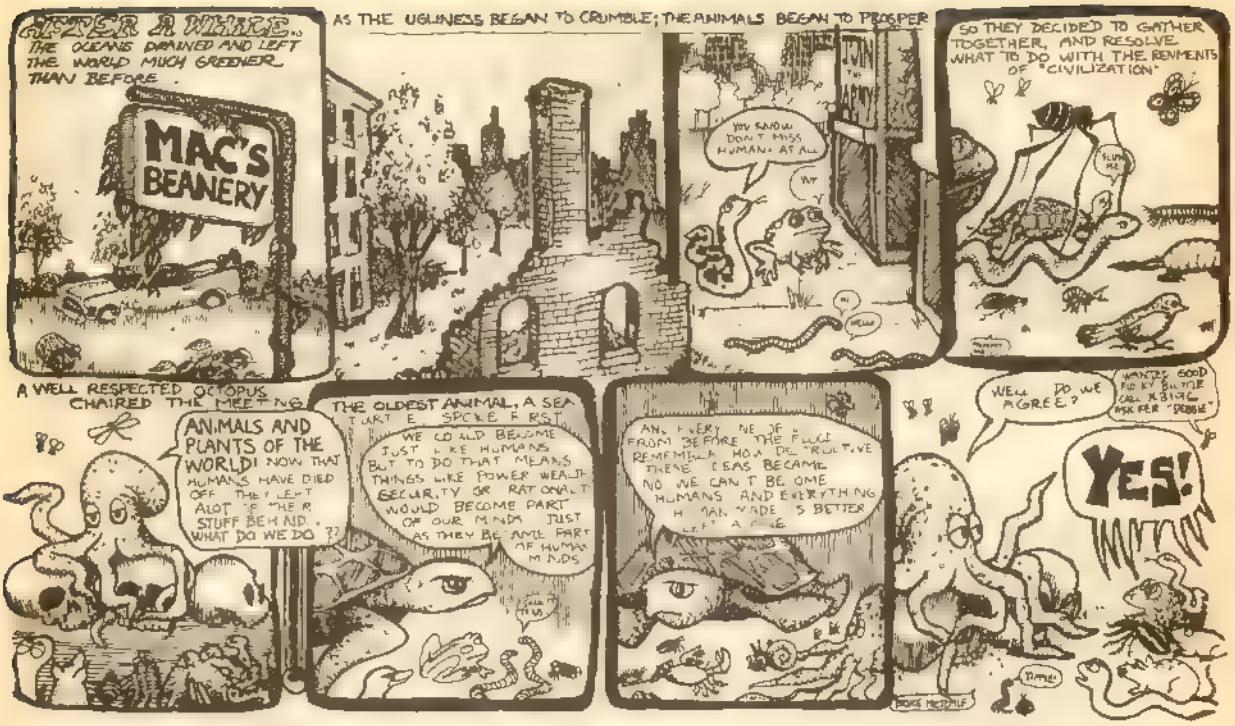
CANDY and SUGAR™

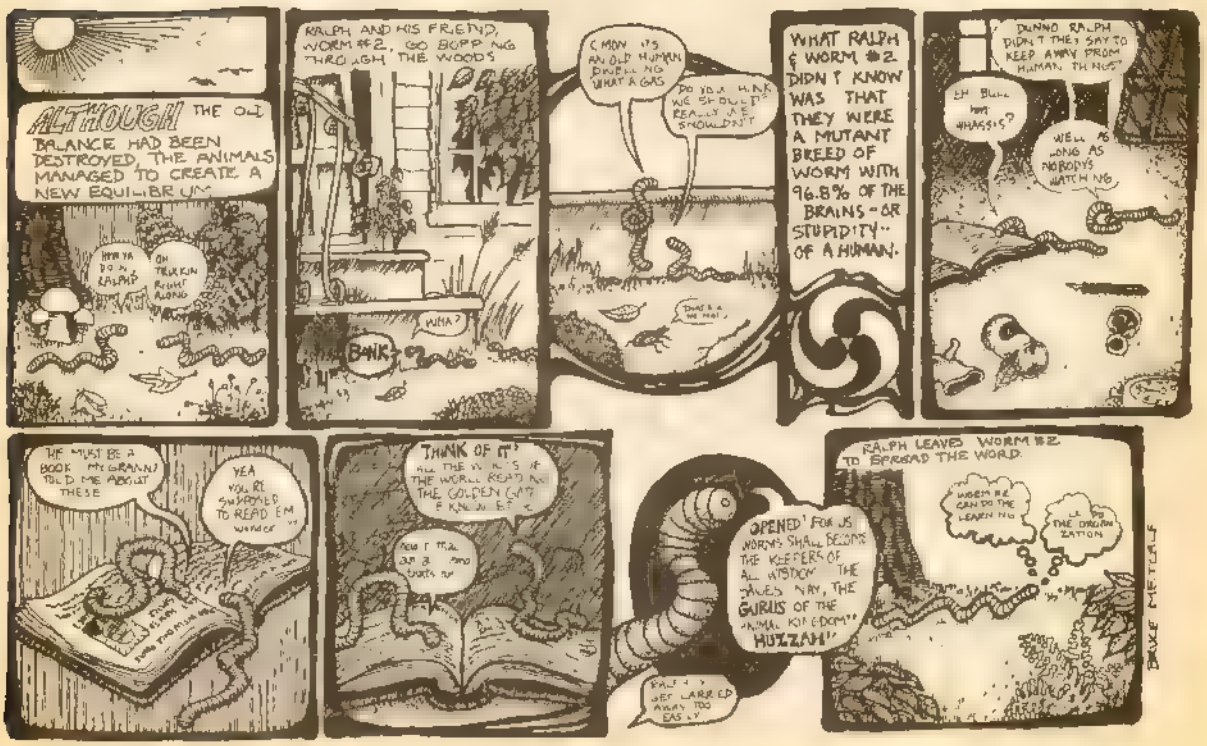
by Brian J. Buniak

© 1974 by Bruce Metcalf

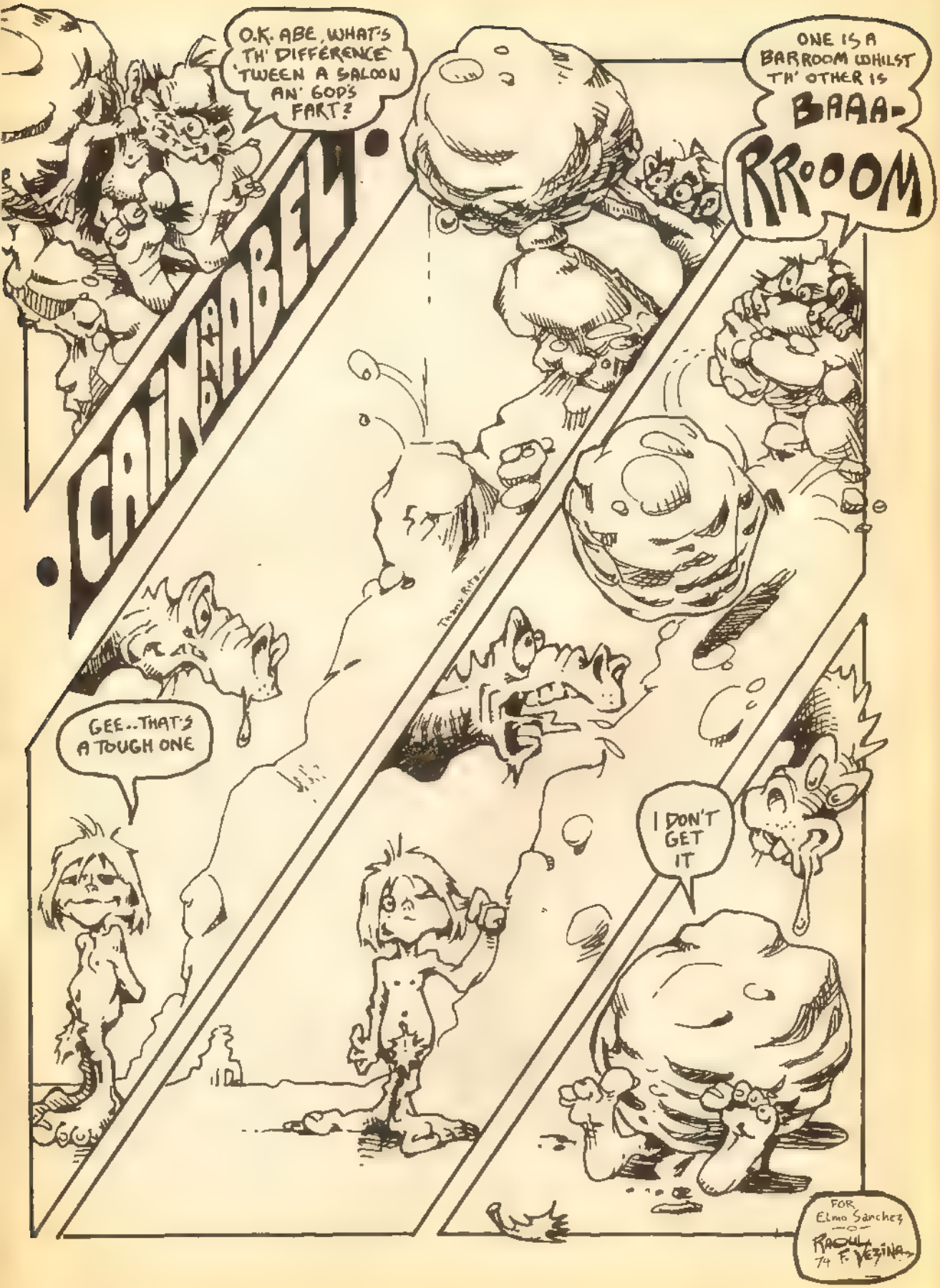
THE PEOPLE FROM PLANET EARTH
PART 3: MORE CATASTROPHE
A STORY OF THE GREAT BLETCH
BY
ROGER MCGRATH
BALLOON
BOY! DO I FEEL GOOD MY GOOD DEED FOR THE DAY!
THAT NIGHT...
THE BOY SCOUT HAS FORGOTTEN "NO MIND'S" CURSE...
HA! I BET YOU HAVE TOO
MAYBE I OUGHTA POP SOME OF THESE PIMPLES HM
BLETCH
ARGH! MY PIMPLE!
YUCK!
THE LORD IS COMING
NOBODY
NOW DON'T PANIC!
PUNK CITY, NY IS ENGULFED IN PIMPLE PUS...
AS IS THIS WHOLE WORLD
JESU EST ARRIVES!
WOMAN AMERICANS! KNOW THEY'D DO IT
GLOOK
WHAT DID THOSE EARTH PEOPLE DO TO THEM SELVES NOW?
YOU PROBABLY WON'T BELIEVE ME IF I TOLD YOU.
BUT!... THERE IS A SURVIVOR! DOES MANKIND HAVE ANOTHER CHANCE?

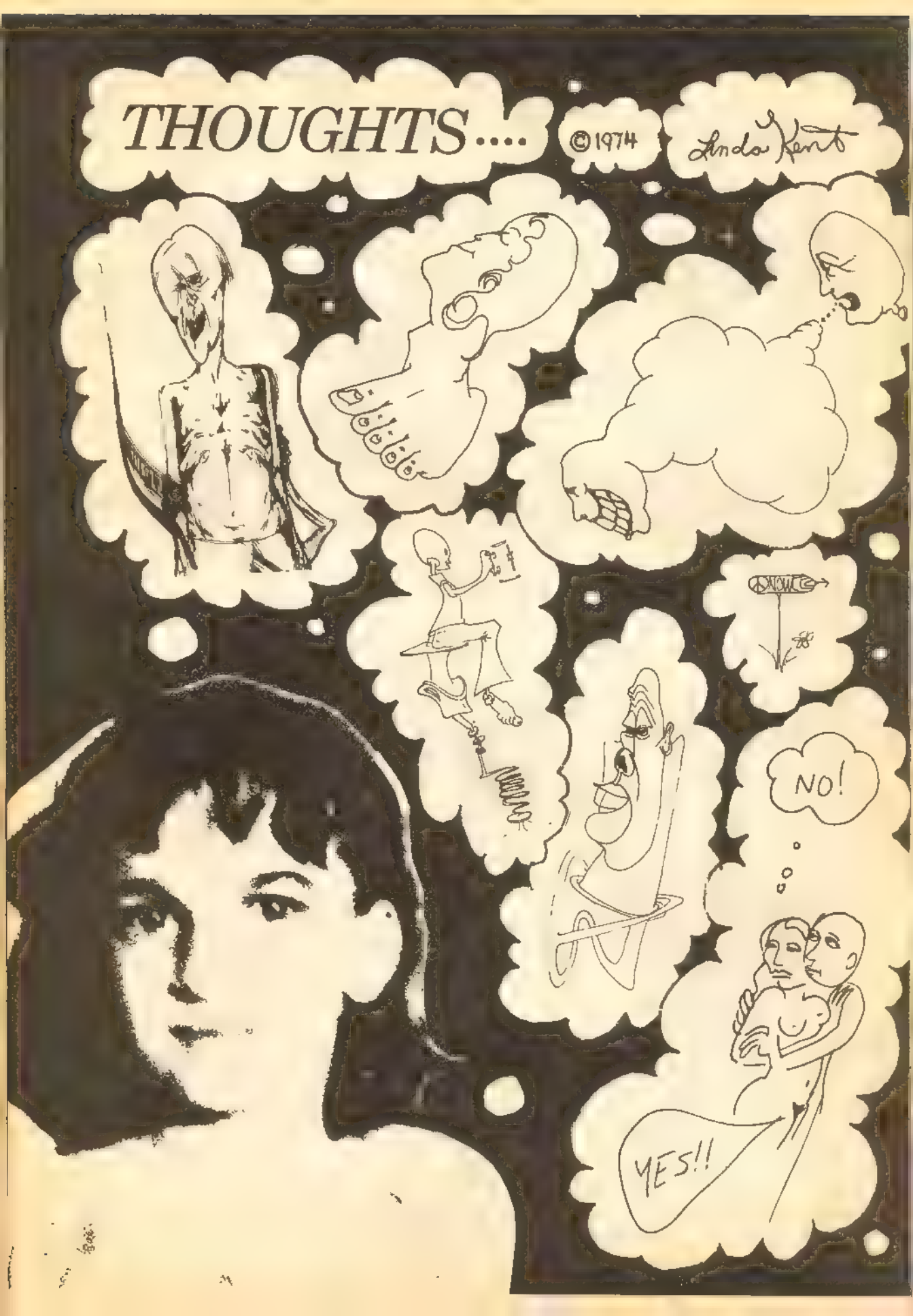
THE LAST PERSON ON EARTH
IS FLOATING IN A SEA OF PIMPLE PUS.
I'M HUNGRY
I WONDER IF YOU CAN EAT PIMPLE PUS
THERE WOULD LIKE SOME ICE CREAM RIGHT NOW
HECK I'M STILL PRETTY VIRILE
MAYBE WOULD BE PIMPLE THIS THE OF YEAR
GLOM


AFTER A WHILE... THE OCEANS DRAINED AND LEFT THE WORLD MUCH GREENER THAN BEFORE.
MAC'S BEANERY
AS THE UGLINESS BEGAN TO CRUMBLE; THE ANIMALS BEGAN TO PROSPER
YOU KNOW DON'T MISS HUMANS AT ALL
SO THEY DECIDED TO GATHER TOGETHER, AND RESOLVE WHAT TO DO WITH THE REMENTS OF "CIVILIZATION"
A WELL RESPECTED OCTOPUS CHAIRED THE MEETING
ANIMALS AND PLANTS OF THE WORLD! NOW THAT HUMANS HAVE DIED OFF THEY LEFT ALOT OF THEIR STUFF BEHIND. WHAT DO WE DO ??
THE OLDEST ANIMAL, A SEA TURTLE SPOKE FIRST
WE COULD BECOME JUST LIKE HUMANS BUT TO DO THAT MEANS THINGS LIKE POWER WEALTH SECURITY OR RATIONALITY WOULD BECOME PART OF OUR MINDS JUST AS THEY BECAME PART OF HUMAN MINDS
ANYONE WHO REMEMBERS FROM BEFORE THE FUCK THESE EGAS BECAME NO WE CAN'T BECOME HUMANS AND EVERYTHING HUMAN MADE IS BETTER
WELL DO WE AGREE?
YES!


ALTHOUGH THE OLD BALANCE HAD BEEN DESTROYED, THE ANIMALS MANAGED TO CREATE A NEW EQUILIBRIUM
RALPH AND HIS FRIEND, WORM #2, GO BOPPING THROUGH THE WOODS
WHA?
BANK
C'MON IT'S AN OLD HUMAN DWELLING WHAT A GAS
DO YOU THINK WE SHOULD? REALLY WE SHOULDN'T
WHAT RALPH & WORM #2 DIDN'T KNOW WAS THAT THEY WERE A MUTANT BREED OF WORM WITH 96.8% OF THE BRAINS - OR STUPIDITY - OF A HUMAN.
DUNNO RALPH DIDN'T THEY SAY TO KEEP AWAY FROM HUMAN THINGS
EH BUT WHAGSIS?
WELL AS LONG AS NOBODY'S WATCHING
THE MUST BE A BOOK MY GRANNY TOLD ME ABOUT THESE
YEA YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO READ EM WANDER
THINK OF IT
OPENED! FOR US WORMS SHALL BECOME THE KEEPERS OF ALL WISDOM THE SAVES NAY, THE GURUS OF THE ANIMAL KINGDOM HUZZAH!
RALPH LEAVES WORM #2 TO SPREAD THE WORD
WORM #2 CAN DO THE LEARNING
THE DRUDGERY

AWRIGHT: JUST A FEW FEET FURTHER, CAMPARD COMRADES
SOON THE HOUSE IS CRAWLING WITH BRIGHT EAGER WORMS, WORK PARTIES ARE FORMED AND THEY START LEARNING
THAT'S THE FIRST LETTER GOT
THEY FIND THOUGHT PROVOKING OBJECTS THROUGHOUT THE HOUSE
HELP! (IT DOESN'T WANNA STOP)
THEY START USING TOOLS
DO YOU THINK WE OUGHTA BUILD IT AS LARGE AS THEY SAY?
HEY LAYOFF OUT!
SOON THEY BECOME TECHNOLOGICALLY ADVANCED
HEY OCTOPUS! THOSE WORMS ARE READING & WRITING & MAKING MACHINES AND ALL SORTS A HUMAN LIKE STUFF!
MAYBE I'D BETTER PAY EM A VISIT
THE NEWS SPREADS
MY FRIENDS THE WORMS I FEAR WHAT YOU ARE DOING CAN LEAD ONLY TO TROUBLE
WHAT YOU TALKIN ABOUT? WE'RE FREE WORMS AND WE'LL DO AS WE PLEASE!
SO THE WORMS IGNORED THE OCTOPUS ADVICE AND DEVELOPED TECHNOLOGY EVEN MORE MUCH TO THE PISSED OFFNESS OF THE OTHER ANIMALS. THE DELICATE NEW ECOLOGICAL BALANCE WAS BEING UPSET BY POLLUTION FROM THE WORMS MACHINES
EWEEE
BUZZZ
BIG POLLUTION!
WELL GUESS WE HAVE TO CONTROL THEM SOMEHOW
SO THE ANIMALS DECLARE WAR ON THE WORMS
BLAT
WE HERE BY DECLARE WAR ON THE WORMS. THE BATTLE WILL BE A WEEK FROM TODAY!
WHAT'S A WAR?
HURRY, FELLAW WORMS! WE HAVE BUT 7 DAYS TO PREPARE OURSELVES
RALPH GOT SOMETHING TO SAY
THE DAY OF THE BATTLE ARRIVES AND ALL THE WORMS HAVE FALLEN ASLEEP FROM EXHAUSTION
AWRIGHT... CHARGE!
RALPH LISTEN TO ME
SHEEP!
WHAT!
THEY'RE ALL ASLEEP RALPH YOU WANNA FIGHT ALONE?
NO
YEA
YEA
YEA
RALPH DON'T YOU THINK THIS WHOLE THING IS A LITTLE TOO HUMAN?
YOU THINK WE SHOULD GIVE UP PLANES AND CARS AND WARS AND ELECTRICITY & READING AND MAYBE GO BACK TO BEING WORMS?
GOOD. LET'S GO BACK TO OUR HOLES AND GO TO SLEEP.
HM. THIS STORY FINALLY GOT A HAPPY END

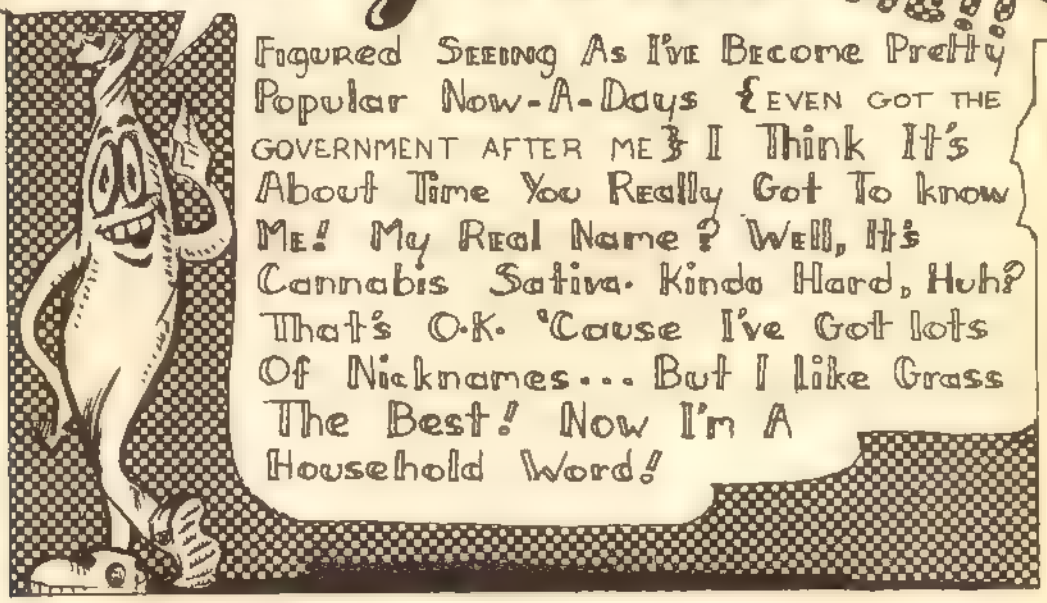

CRINGABELL
O.K. ABE, WHAT'S TH' DIFFERENCE 'TWEEN A SALOON AN' GOD'S FART?
ONE IS A BARROOM WHILST TH' OTHER IS BAAA-RROOOM
GEE.. THAT'S A TOUGH ONE
I DON'T GET IT
FOR Elmo Sanchez
RAOUL 74 F. VEZINA


THOUGHTS....
©1974
Linda Kent
NO!
YES!!

Get a BIGGER JOB with BETTER PAY?
A Better Job, Worse Pay? A Worse Job, Better Pay? A Worse Job, Worse Pay?
Space Bar
You can get a High School Education Right in your own home. no classes to cut — work at your convalescence, when your permit expires — progress rapidly
SLOW MONTHLY PAYMENTS
Free Brochure
Self Portrait
June 1972
The Rabbit showing the disc pies his wounds.
I don't care if you were a thalidomide puppy— I still think you're cute!

I cried wee wee wee all the way home
I went to market
OF COURSE I STILL RESPECT YOU!
GM
To often I find myself writing "zebras" these days
I see and how often have you written it?
Just once - but even that's too much!
Put me down!
BEHOLD - A WASTE OF TIME!!!
The Sneaker Bug

Johnny Joint - That's Me!!

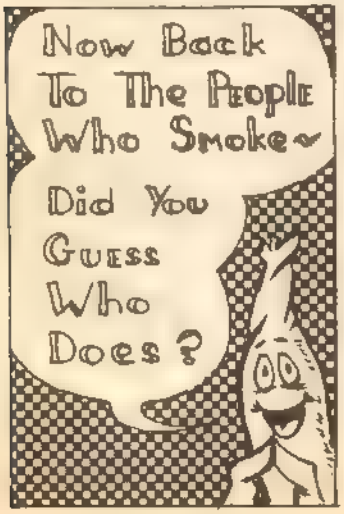


Story: Vince Kimszal © 1974
Art: Kimszal & Gilbert

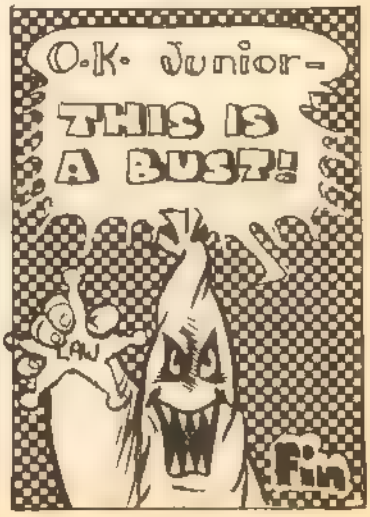
Pictured Here Are Brain Cells Being Activated By Grass's T·H·C·
eat
eat
CHOMP
eat, bubulan
After You're STONED For Awhile, You Find Yourself Being Attacked By The MUNCHIES
Food
yum!
munchies
OH, WOW!
SPLASH!
SPLASH!
DRIP!
DRIP
SPLASH!
While You're Stoned You'll Find Enjoyment In The Simplest Things...

You'll Find Your Sense Of Time Time Time Becomes DISTORTED!
How Long we been standin' here?
'Bout three years

HEY—TURN DOWN THE STEREO!
I DID... AN HOUR AGO!!
Music Seems To Last Indefinitely Floating Through Your head.


Now Back To The People Who Smoke~
Did You Guess Who Does?

Oh?
You Do?


O.K. Junior—
THIS IS A BUST!!
LAW
DA
W
Fin

JOE COLLEGE

©1974 bruce metcalf

JOE COLLEGE

HOW WOLLOW

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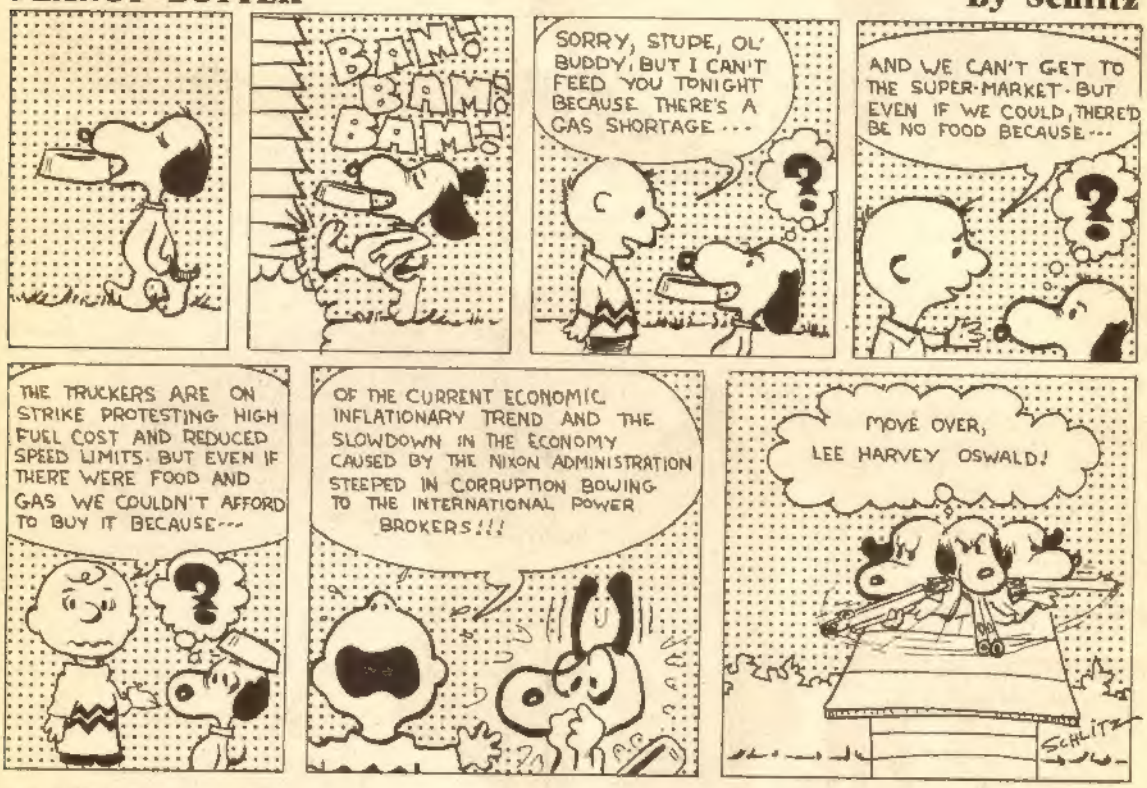
New Paltz COMICS

ART: KIMSZAL & GILBERT

SUNDAY, JULY 17, 1974

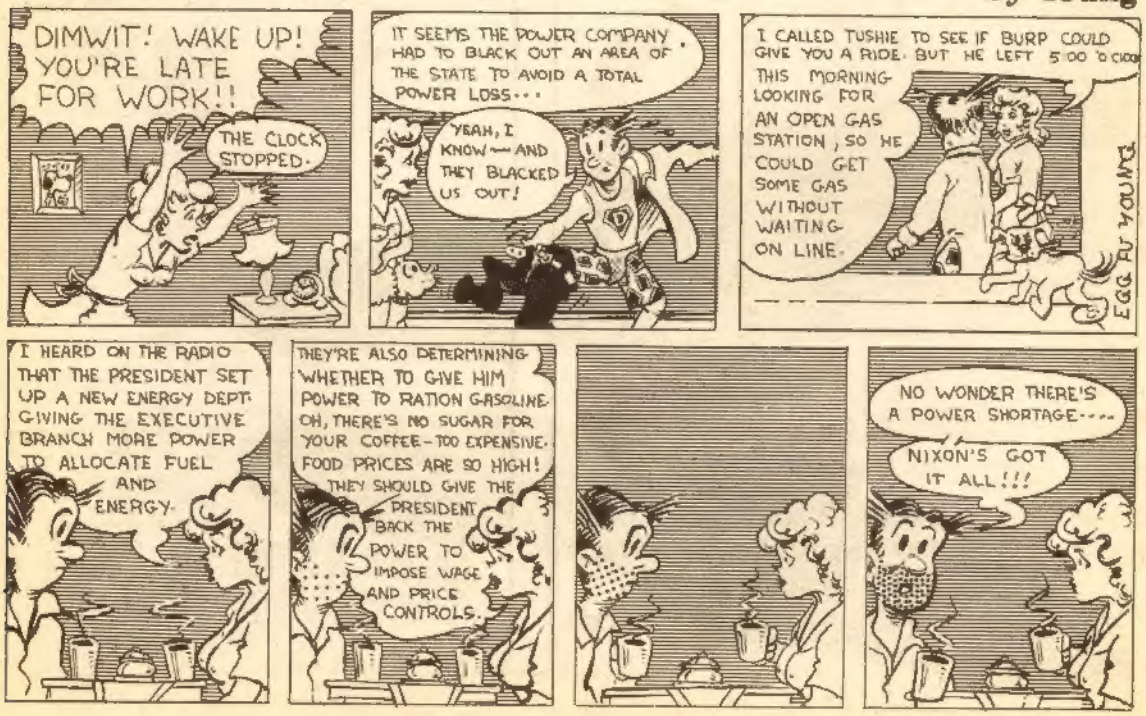
PEANUT BUTTER

By Schlitz



BLANDIE

By Young



Note: Thankfully, as of August 1974, the above strips are to be classified...INOPERATIVE!

Sir Real's

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b3 - Masks
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b8 - Siggy
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b16 - Cain And Abel
b17 - Thoughts
b20 - Johnny Joint
b23 - Joe College
b25 - New Paltz Comics: Peanut Butter, Blandie

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